Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.

Guyl. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue ſent to ſeek him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes looſe,
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes,
And where tis ſo, th'offenders ſcourge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all ſmooth and euen,
This ſuddaine ſending him away muſt ſeem
Deliberate pauſe, diſeaſes deſperate growne,
By deſperate applyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Roſencraus and all the reſt.

King. How now, what hath befalne?

Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtow'd my Lord
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Roſ. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Roſ. Hoe, bring in the Lord. *They Enter.*

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At ſupper.

King. At ſupper where.

Ha. Not where he eates, but where he is eaten, a certain conuocation of politick worms are een at him: your worme is your only Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures elſe to fat vs, and we fat our ſelues for maggots, your fat King & your leane Beggar is but variable ſeruice, two diſhes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alaſſe, alaſſe.

Ham. A man may fiſh with the worme that hath eat of a King, eat of the fiſh that hath fed of that worme.

King. What doſt thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to ſhew you how a King may go a progreſſe

24 How, bring 28 where a is 35 Keate
— ſeddle

4 Herre